ARMA

dedi

narva

1970-71

park college

parkville, mo.

vol. no. 41

dedicated in memory of

jimi hendrix

citorial note:

Well, what can I say? Here it is. The product of mucho hard work, not only by myself but also by my staff, who without their co-operation and help there would be zero. This is a different type of a yearbook. It took a different type of people to conceive and to bring about this change. I trust that it is a change for the better and not just a change.

For too many years too many college yearbooks have been dominated by unimportant pictures of unimportant people doing unimportant things. Once that was the norm for colleges and college students alike. Well, fortunately times have changed. There are strange things happening in this world, in countries, in this nation, in the people, and, yes, in us too. Colleges have taken on a new status in our society. There is controversy. Students have become aware. Perhaps this will lead to an idealogical revolution. The only true revolution. Maybe not. It is up to individuals to act themselves and not wait for their next door neighbor's to start first.

Park College is behind the times. Not as much as in previous years, but none the less, noticeably behind. There is too much apathy. I don't mean school spirit. I mean apathy concerning life and the lives of others. Wake up, open your eyes, and for once See!

—R. Woodman McSherry (editor in chief)

nitty gritty

dirt band

October 25 Park College got together a band. It was a real nitty gritty, country stomping, rocking rolling, uncontrolling fantastic blaze of stars, stripes and everything else and ma's wash tub never rocked out so well. What happened? We were hit with an electric violin, mandolin and other assorted instruments blowing through the tubes of amps along with a driving tight charge circling around five characters. The group later transformed themselves into 1950's rock and rollers complete with slick hair, jeans, Mickey Mouse and everything to set us up for some 50's music.

This was the night of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and who ever heard Mr. Boe Jangles like that for two bits?

intramural

football

The game played in gym shorts, jeans, head bands, bodies, emotions and sweat. Taking place on moody Sundays and kind of blue Tuesdays, a week of anguish and agony.

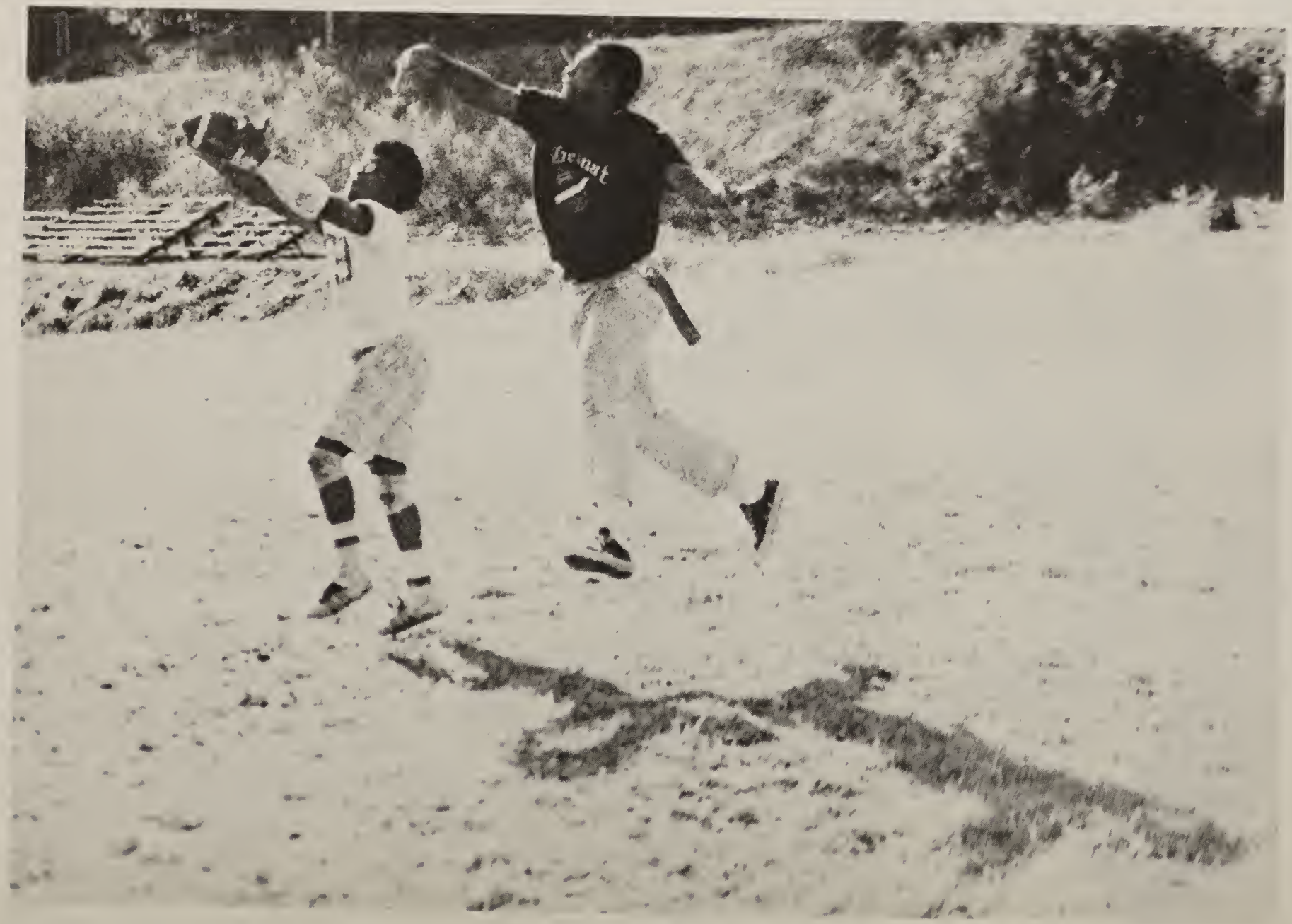
The players; students, freaks and even old men.

The time; midwestern fall when football is at its best, sometimes windy and very often wet.

The season; awaited for by many, and even more by others, unpredictable and even fearful behind cries of revenge.

Chestnut as entering champs overshadowed by Saber and Quill power and Dearing potential. Heavy contenders as Tiki, OAC, Hermits, Nickel and newcomer Hawley.

cont'd.


Heimat

dearing . . .

As game whistles blew, heads began to crack, answering revenge with forearms and winged feet, injuries, cries of victory and mourns of defeat.

In the aftermath of these feelings and emotions the dust clears. And the fear subsides, the crys are soft now, and the scores are irrelevant.

. . . Hence Dearing, the victor, once the hunter now becomes the prey.

stephan bardas

In celebration of the Beethoven Bi-Centennial Park College presented Stefan Bardas. Mr. Bardas was Park's performer in residence from October 18th through the 29th. He performed in all 32 piano Sonatas of Beethoven in seven recitals held in the Graham Tyler Chapel.

The first evening Mr. Bardas played for us four Sonatas; one of which was Beethovan's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, the "Tempest".

The entire week's performance was highlighted by Mr. Bardas' interpretation of Beethovans' beloved Sonata in C sharp minor, better known as his "Moonlight Sonata".

Stefan Bardas was very well received by Park students and citizens from the area.

Park will not soon forget the special talent that Mr. Bardas shared with us.

park

singers

The Gulf Oil Company was the sponsor for a Future Farmers of America Convention held in the President Hotel (K.C.M.O.) on the night of October 12, 1970 at which The Park Singers entertained. The Singers presented some medleys from the off-broadway musical "The Fantasticks" by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt along with "Spinning Wheel" by Blood Sweat and Tears, "Time For Loving" by Don and Dick Addrisi, "Wendy" by the Association and "Aquarius" from the broadway musical "Hair". They also featured solos by Carla Lichty, Noland Peebles, Ed Lippincott, and Ellen Severson.

Gulf

henceforth . . . .

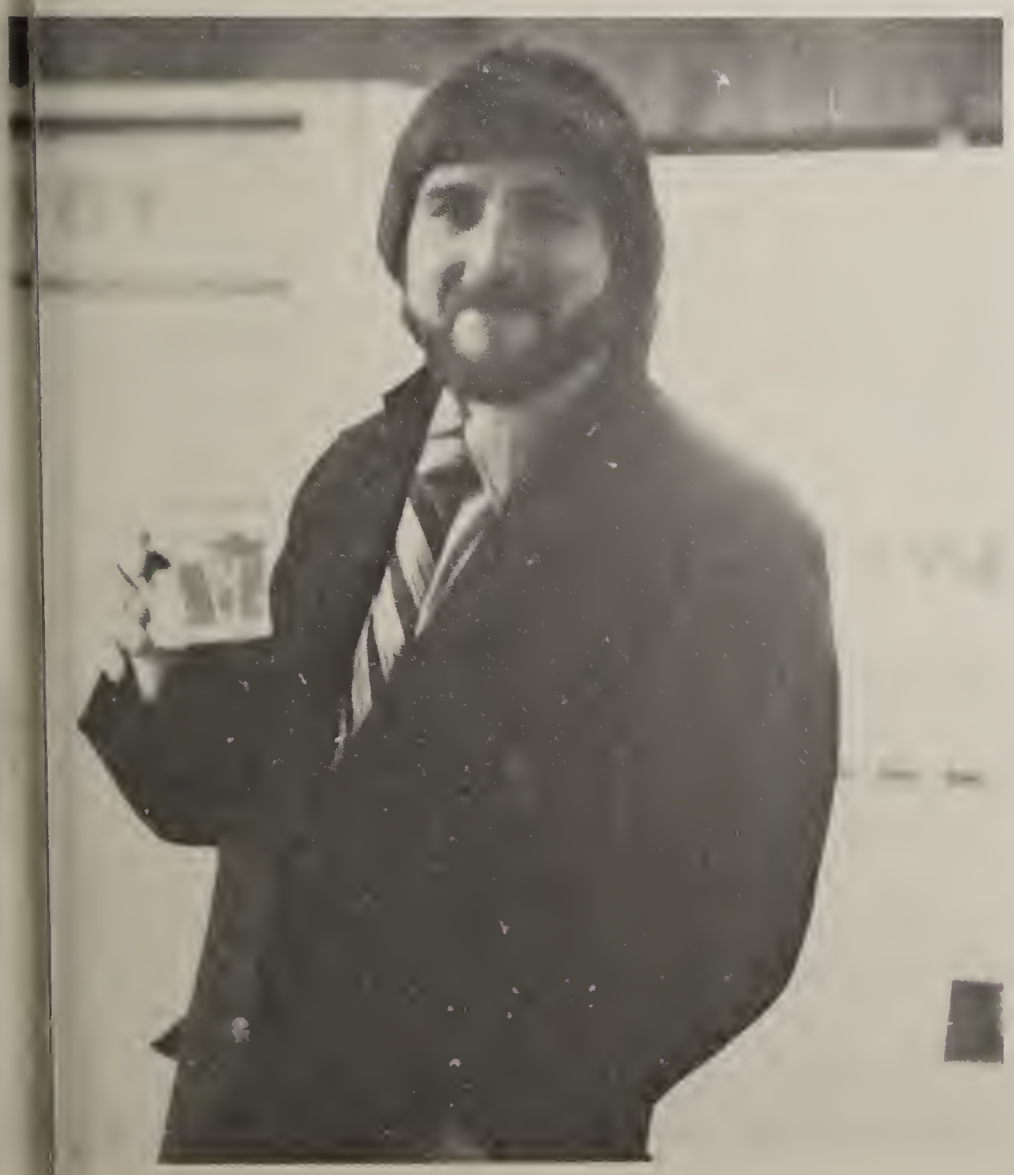
Future's Form

Slipping through the blinds of night
and meeting Future's Form . . .
High Wet Cloaked and Dark
He peers through the folds, meets my wet eye
and leaving me damp with the dark
slides on.

Spotted green morning hits my heavy head
and sounds of spring cascade around my ears,
penetrate, and once within my blood
fill the channels of my life to the edges of my mind.
And my love stands, dances, and mirrors in his miracle eyes
all the reasons why.
And then he holds me off an inch past arms length
and like merlin, His Brilliance his pointed hat,
makes me dance through the day. I sparkle quietly and wait.

My only fear Future's Form
High Wet Cloaked and Dark.

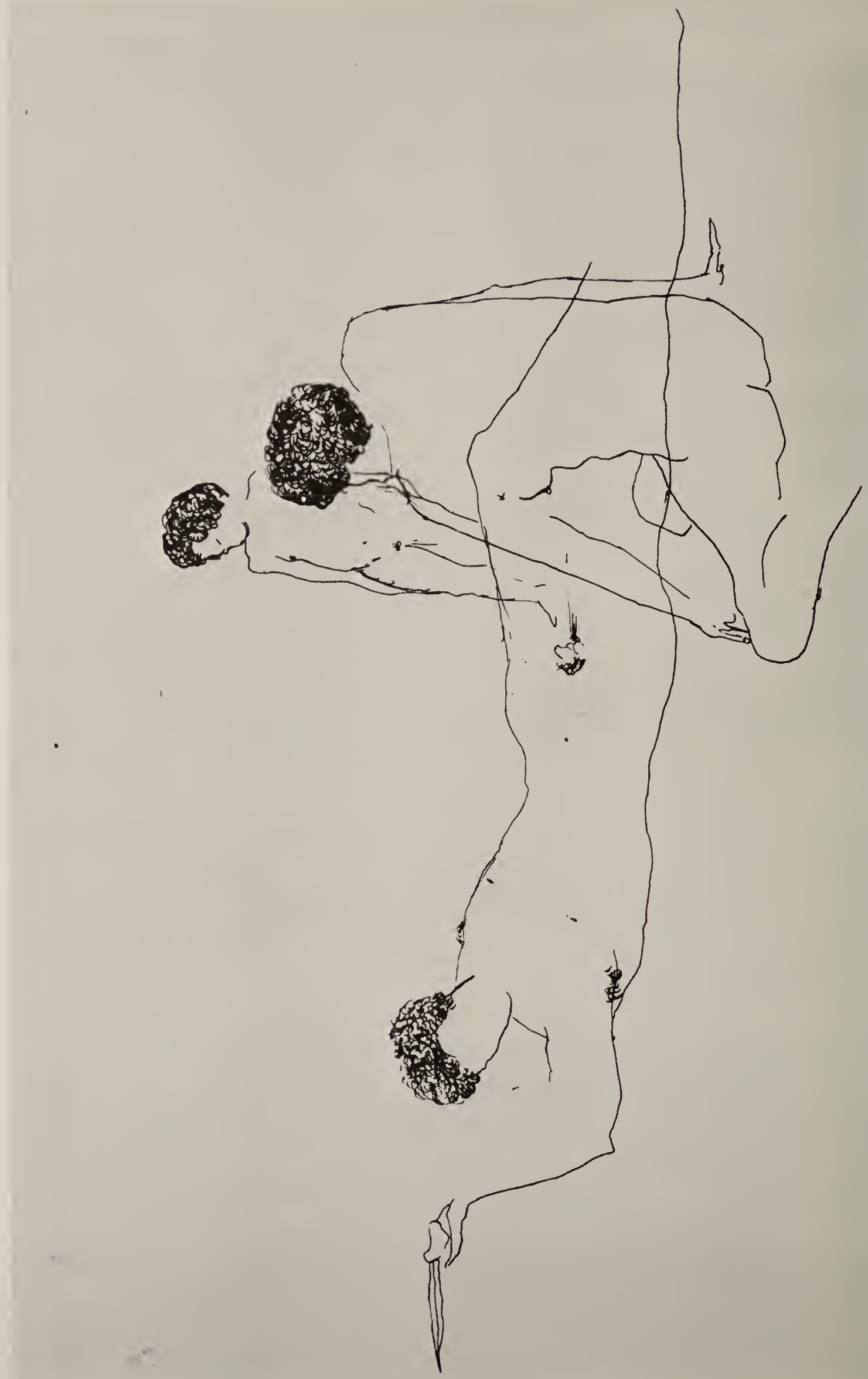
L. Anderson



Far Away

The liquid face;
Without pain,
Refusing joy,
Lying upon the temperatureless stone slab,
The gold handle knife,
Whose engravened beauty
Lost,
Held timeless, firm
Above the body
To perform ritual inexistence
By its plumed tool.
Down, plunging
Through flesh, bone
Crushing life which had long been deserted,
Making a path for sacred hands
To rip the throbbing soul
And set it upon the fire.

Nicholas Abanavas



We are the wind—

The ceaseless searchers,

Scavengers of love.

Like a night cat

Yowling a painful howl

To pierce all existence.

We are mankind—

Incessantly hunting one another

To satiate a hunger . . .

Like a child wailing

Pressing his bloated belly

Against his mother's dry breast.

We are alone.

A multitude with no place to go,

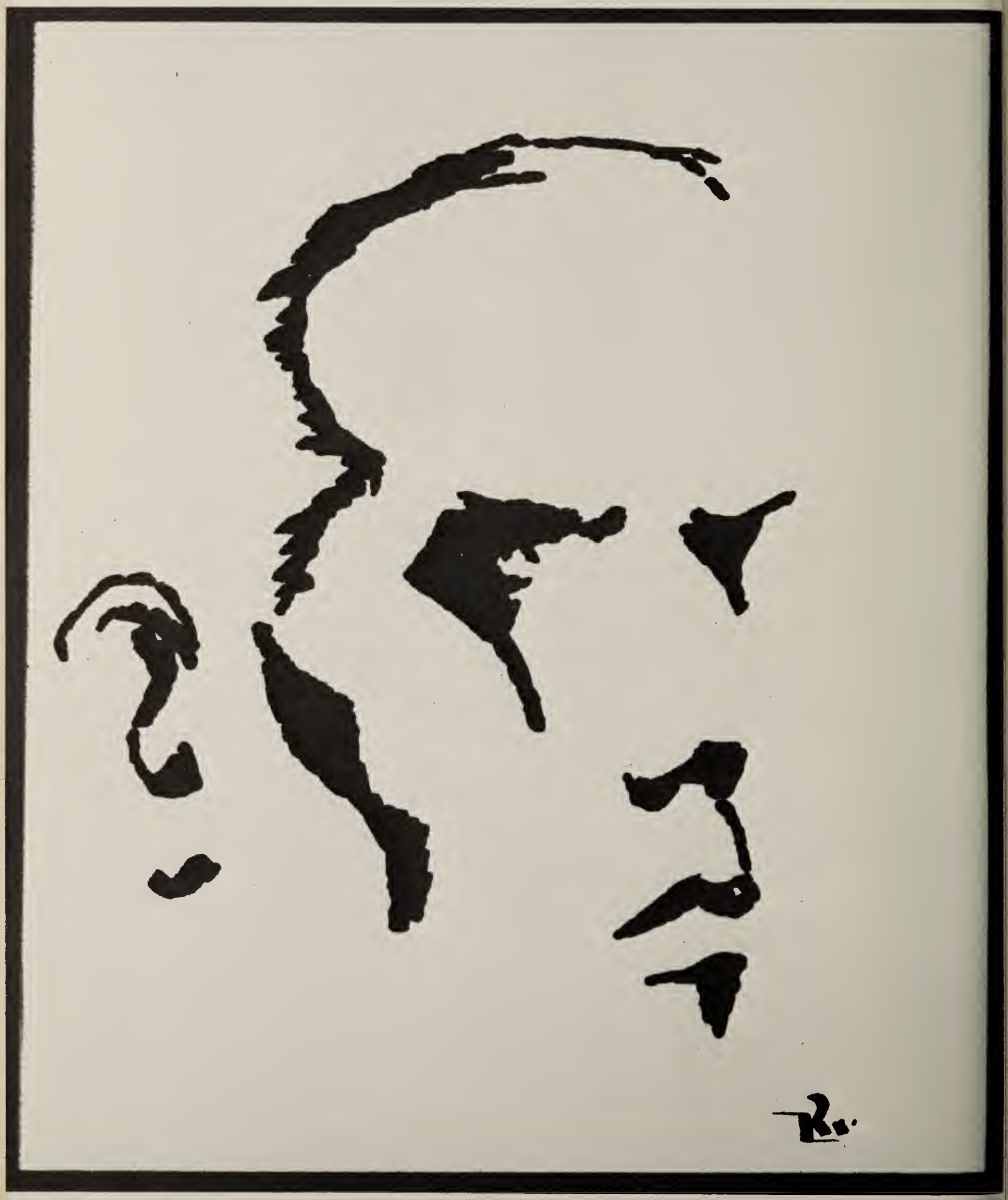
Crying to be together—

Afraid to touch each other.

But unless we reach out—

There shall be no eternity . . .

Laura Grainger



War Games II

Little boys play little games
Of war and death and guns,
Of fists and arrows swift to fly
To imagined target who only pretend to die.

At mother's voice the game will end
For lunch or snack or other meal
And overnight imagined wounds will heal.
As mother feeds and tucks the warrior in
The night is never lonely
The morning sun will rise to
Light another
Warlike day.

Big boys play old men's games
Of pride in country or aggression's
Sought for gains
Receiving deadly pains
Of lonely deaths
or
Wounds in body
And in soul.

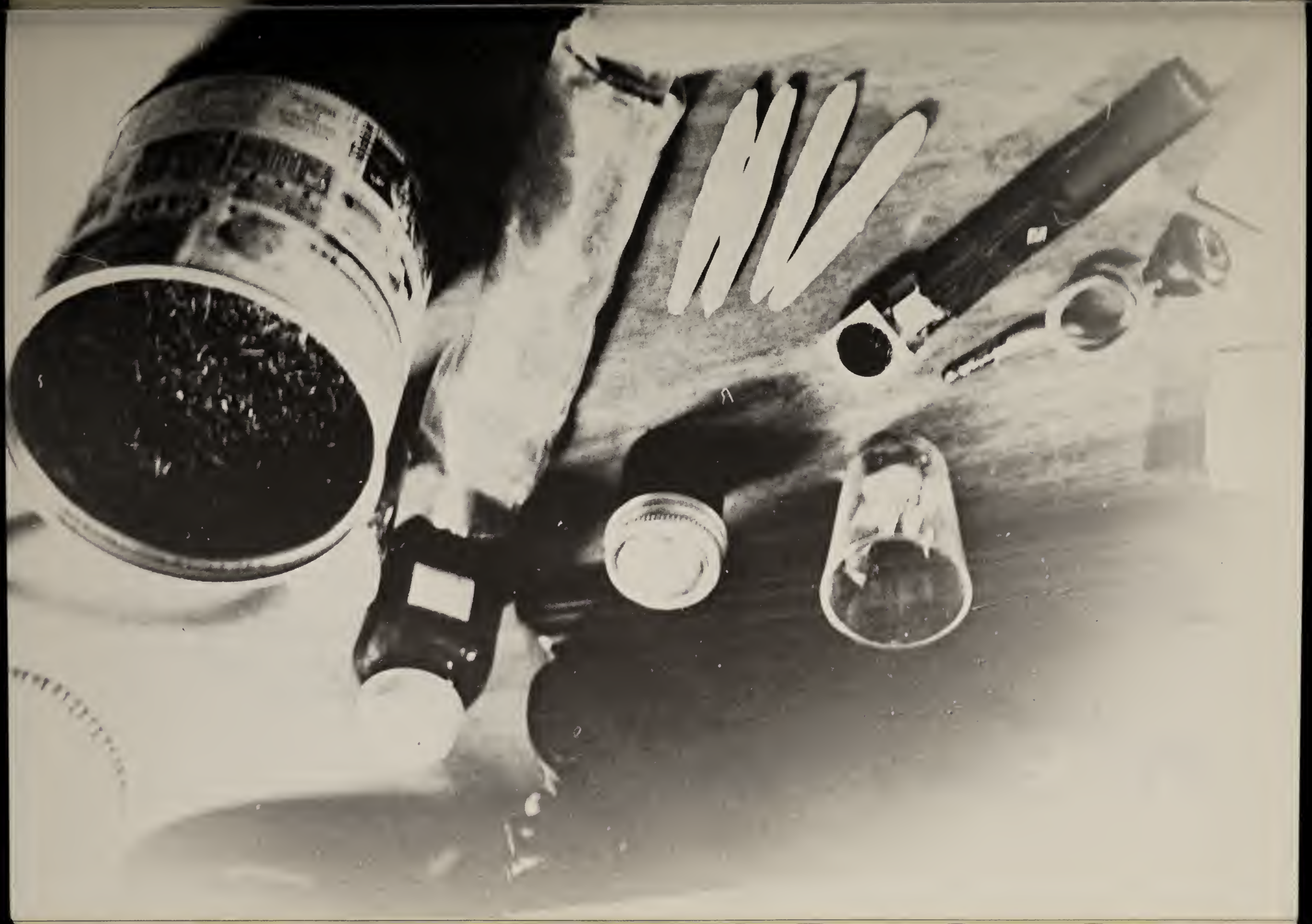
It's Mother Earth who tucks them in
Without the good night kiss
That little boys from mother gain
And big boys from wife or lover miss.
It's a lonely wasteful way to go
For wars have never come to end
The dying of men who pay the price
Of old men's games which sow
The seeds of tomorrow's act to blend
The games of men and boys
Who never really grow
To love the end of
GAMES.

Robert E. Bailey

Not only do I propose end of prohibition of marijuana, and total shift of treatment of actually addictive drugs to the hands of the medical profession, but I propose a total dismantling of the whole cancerous bureaucracy that has perpetrated this historic fuck-up on the United States. And not only is it necessary that the Bureau of Narcotics be dismantled and consigned to the wax-museum of history, where it belongs, but it is also about time that a full-scale Congressional Investigation, utilizing all the resources of the embattled medical, legal and sociological authorities who for years have been complaining in vain, should be undertaken to fix the precise responsibility for this vast swindle on the administrative, business and mass-media shoulders where it belongs. What were the motive and method in perpetrating this insane hoax on public consciousness? Have any laws of malfeasance in public office been violated?

—Allen Ginsberg

from his essay "First Manifesto to End The Bringdown"



Untitled

Come to me my darkling love
end the hours and days of gloom
and we will chase the sorry moon
and make him hide in the space between us
until there is no space between.
And we will ride the summer showers to the ground
and be born in a flower
the life of which will last a full-blown hour
on the girth of time and timeless time will know us.
Or I will come to you, warm,
filling the quickened days with deep and deepening joys.
Life! Life to spellbind us, fold us in.
But come—but know my love, my love,
for in the dark days now it grows more full,
And in the shadow on the hill all spotted yellow
I see you, know you, know you will—
(your cool hand brushes back my dampened hair).

L. Anderson

summer seeing

by francis m. sibley

Well, actually, you may not know this, and you may not believe it or care about it when I tell you, but I'm going to say it anyway, and you are quite at liberty to take it or leave it—I don't give a damn. But if you take it, don't ask me why it is important to me; all I can say is that it somehow matters. And Don't expect any sort of apocalyptic revelation, because all I am going to say is that there are mountains in the South. Not just hills. Real, honest-to-God majestic 4,000-foot Blue Ridge mountains, part of the Appalachians, named as they are because they look blue. The trees on them are green, but if you are far enough away to see one of the mountains as a mountain, then you are looking at the bluest blue there is. Why? Ask a scientist; use a spectroscope. Suffice it here to say that the blue is somewhere between royal and navy with a three-dimensional depth and liquidity suggestive of mystery. These mountains are not misty like the Great Smokies, and they are not jagged like the Rockies and the Sierra. They are simply breathtaking. They rise up from the foothills with proud modesty, displaying graceful lines and convolutions, the result of exposure to the elements through geological time, antedating considerably the mountains of the western United States. They receive some snow in the short winters, but they are not snow-capped. Instead, they are literally crowned with mountain laurel, as though nature has recognized their poetry and rewarded them accordingly. And I'm not talking about states which are questionably Southern, like Arkansas or Tennessee or Kentucky or Virginia or North Carolina. I have reference to the part of the southeastern United States generally referred to as the Deep South. You know: cotton, mint julep, honey chile, you all, corn whiskey, southern hospitality, southern bigotry, southern violence, grits, smoked sausage, and the long hot summer. And mountains.

In the summer when I was nine years old, I didn't pay much attention to the mountains. After all, they were there every day, and anyway I had things of more immediate concern to capture my attention. Like model airplanes and the large delicate magnolia blossoms and big little books and erector sets and Turkey Reed. Not that I was exactly tired of the mountains; I was just used to them, being able to identify the major acclivities by name. What I was tired of was my mother's frequent histrionic declamations about how beautiful they were. This was the year of Tailspin Tommy (as my hero, that is). The year before, it had been Tom Mix, even ahead of Buck Jones, and a year later it was to be a toss-up between H. V. Kaltenborn and the girl with the deliciously sinful voice who sang "Darn That Dream" (even now my candidate for one of the best popular songs ever written: resist if you can the change in the first measure from G major to E-flat 7).

Contd.

This was the summer of the year when Marion Madison had come among us. He showed up at school right in the middle of the term, a new comer from Cincinnati. We weren't ready for this sort of thing. A boy with a girl's name, and a Yankee at that. At the first recess period we tested him, as we would have tested any new comer, but more thoroughly. He responded with a calm but firm assertion that he pronounced words the same way people did where he came from and that that is exactly what his response to our speech must be; that if we were not ashamed of being born in the south, we should understand why he was not ashamed of being born in the north; and that anyone who thought having a girl's name made him a sissy was welcome to a fight anytime anyplace. Hell. We didn't believe any of that. We thought the bastard really should be ashamed of being a Yankee and talking like some hi-falutin radio announcer and having a girls name. (We didn't know and he didn't bother to tell us, that the feminine spelling is "Marian"). And there were several of us who could have probably whipped him in a one-on-one fight. But he was immediately one of us. We didn't want to admit it, and there was some discomfited laughter and some face-saving rationalization to the effect that since you can't learn a Yankee how to talk anyway, you might as well not try; yet none of us ever again commented derisively about the characteristics which made him outwardly different from us. I personally lost some sleep wondering if I could pass such a test.

When I say that he became one of us, I don't mean just that he fit in at school. I mean also that we asked him to join our club, and he did. We didn't tie knots and go camping and wear uniforms. We built model airplanes that really flew, until it occurred to us to try to build a real airplane. And we did it. We really built a frame of pine strips and covered it with muslin, stretched tight and waterproofed with dope. The plane had workable rudder, elevator, and ailerons, as well as a propellor operated by a hand crank. It was beautiful. To look at. Not to ride in. After I flew it off the garage roof and crashed into the driveway, three feet from the garage door, we just sort of didn't have a club anymore. We saw each other occasionally, but there didn't seem to be anything to replace aeronautics as a rationale for having a club. We nailed a few planks across a couple of limbs in the tree in my front yard and called our structure a tree house, but there was very little enthusiasm about it.

It was during this period that something happened which was beyond my understanding. One of the club members who lived two blocks down the street from me was playing marbles with me in front of my house, and for no reason which I could fathom he suddenly hit me in the nose with his fist as hard as he could, then laughed

cont'd.

U.S.
City
Greatness

and ran towards his house. I chased him in surprised outrage, painful and bleeding, and caught him just as he ran through the doorway of his house, fearfully calling for his mother, who chased me away with a broom and dire predictions of my fate should I ever hurt her boy. A week or so later, her boy came over and climbed into the tree house, not realizing that I saw him and further not realizing that hornets had recently built a nest in the tree. I sneaked out onto the upstairs front porch, juggled the hornet's nest with my father's cane fishing pole, and stepped back inside the screen door. He saw me, but not in time. The hornets attacked him immediately, and he fell from the tree and hit the ground running . . . I didn't laugh. I couldn't because I felt guilty. Guilty not for hurting him but for enjoying my revenge so completely.

Although we didn't have a club anymore, we did have an interest in common. We didn't talk about it to each other. We thought about it separately, and "it" was a girl who was so beautiful that we were reduced to rather ludicrous behavior when in her presence. She had the good judgement not to let her attractiveness go to her head and to be the most attentive to whichever one of us displayed the least ridiculous behavior at any particular time. I wish Yeats had known what a nine year old smiling public boy felt among school children, so that we could have a poem about it.

The point is that things were happening which kept us from having a club. Maybe we didn't need one anymore. Maybe having one at all was a sort of RITE DE PASSAGE. But we began to be aware of a force which gave us a reason not to reorganize a club but at least to do something as a group together . . . Turkey Reed.

Near the edge of town, and surrounded by scrub trees and thorn bushes, there was a run-down shack inhabited by a recluse named Turkey Reed. Surely that was not her real name, but that is what she was called by the people in the community. Not to her face. Nobody ever talked to her or had anything at all to do with her. We didn't know what she did for a living or where she came from, and we didn't know anyone else who did. Perhaps she was a remnant of an outmoded aristocracy, clinging to a dwindling dowry, having become faded and withered, as magnolia blossoms do when plucked and breathed upon. She wore clean but drab and tattered clothing which concealed even her face, and she spent most of her time taking long walks near and away from the perimeter of town, maybe into the mountains now and then. Did she live on blackberries? As far as we knew, she didn't need to eat at all, being in our imaginations more spirit than flesh.

This is what led to our doing things as a group again. One of us got the idea that it would be quite an adventure to find

cont'd.

Turkey Reed on one of her walks. Although nobody demurred, the idea received slow acceptance, because it was the most frightening thing we could think of, and we were not exactly cowards, at least outwardly, for we had dived from the top of Jones Creek Falls, swum in the water-filled 100-ft.-deep abandoned quaxite quarry, caught rattlesnakes, etc. But in this case we were scared, and there was no hiding it. Yet the mutual challenge finally overcame our fears, and we decided to find her. After many days of fruitless search, one of the members of our group (no longer even called a club, everyone having the unspoken realization that it was spontaneous and that when we could no longer ignore the fact that we were now consciously trying, the group would disperse) reported breathlessly that he had seen her returning home from a walk along a particular road. We ran ahead and hid beside the road, and when she came along we leaped out about twenty yards in front of her, yelling "Turkey, Turkey, Turkey, Turkey!" She immediately ran toward us menacingly, and when we fled in terror she continued chasing us. I ran a four minute mile before Roger Bannister was born.

I didn't tell anybody about our encounter, and I tried not to think about it. And we didn't have a club anymore, this time for good. By now it was August, and my father and I would go fishing together frequently. As we were walking home from one of our trips to the creek a mile or so from town one afternoon, we followed a turn in the path and found ourselves face to face with Turkey Reed. I was too frightened to move and too fascinated not to look. I could see her face this time. She was a young woman with a sensual mouth, and her eyes were blue. The same blue as the mountains. She smiled at my father and said,

"Good afternoon. I'm Miss Reed."

My father rather abashedly introduced himself and explained that he was the superintendent of the local high school.

"I know," she said, and walked past us.

My trip home was not nearly so fast this time, but it was no less intense. □

The Icehouse

by Jenkin David

"He must be gettin' air." Melvinsaid. "He's been under a long time. Let's rock the raft."

Charles moved around to David's side of the raft, and they lifted themselves part way into it. Melvin let go, and the side he had been guarding rose into the air. He swam back a little to watch the unguarded sides. David and Charles slid back into the water and the raft dropped level."

"He's getting air somehow," David said. "He couldn't stay under that long without it."

Jarvis' head broke the water at an unguarded side of the raft, and Melvin lunged for him. He got both hands on Jarvis' head and pushed him back under the raft.

"Get that other side!" Melvin shouted to Charles. "He might get out there. Keep him under." Charles moved around to one of the unguarded sides.

"Now don't let him out! Melvin shouted.

The boys waited for Jarvis to attempt to break free for air, but the attempt did not come.

Melvin said, "He got some air before I pushed him back under, but he'll have to come out soon."

"He couldn't stand it this long." David said. "I'm going to look for him." He and Charles dived under the raft and reappeared with Jarvis.

"I thought you were dead up there under the raft," Charles said.

"I was getting air. If you keep your nose right against the bottom of the raft, you can get all the air you want."

"Let's put him under again," Melvin said, "and I'll stand on the raft and keep it low in the water. I can guard two sides from up there."

Jarvis had started to swim to shore, and he made it easily before Mefivin could catch him.

"Next time we'll know what to do," Melvin said to Jarvis when they were on the bank.

"There won't be any next time," Jarvis said. "When you're in the water, I'll stay out."

Constable Joe Wade, in his horse and buggy, with a passenger on the seat beside him, left the road beyond the Icehouse and wound over the uneven ground towards the boys. For a few moments, Joe and his passenger were out of sight behind the building; then they reappeared and stopped where the boys were sitting.

"How's the water?" Joe asked.

"Warm," David answered. "It never really cools off on top. But

cont'd.

it's nice about four feet down."

"Still bettern'n walking three miles to them other places, ain't it?"

"Well, just don't break nothin' or steal nothin' and nobody'll mind. This is Reverend Simson, and he's a Baptist. He's going to hold some meetin's here startin' tomorrow. I thought I'd ask you boys not to swim here until after he goes. Be about a week."

The boys nodded their agreement, and the minister thanked them.

"I didn't think you'd mind," Joe Wade said, and backed his horse up to turn the buggy around. When Joe and his passenger were back on the road and headed in the direction of Snow Shoe, the boys picked their way over the rocky ground to the Icehouse, where their clothes were.

"I should have known this'd happen," David said. "Last night in front of the Post Office, I heard the minister ask Dundee Gilland if he could use the fish pond."

"What'd Dundee say?" Charles wanted to know.

"Dundee said he couldn't give him permission to use it because he didn't own it. Didn't even know who did own it. He said if it was him, he'd go ahead and use it. Then he told the minister to ask Joe Wade, just be sure.

Originally, the Icehouse had been a barn, part of a farmstead,

cont'd.

Maddening Moon

She had seen it rise.
There, halfway between
Horizon and eternity,
Where. if reached out
to touch it,
It would be yours.
But this night she wouldn't reach—
Couldn't reach.
This night she would be
Possessed;
Standing, staring into the opaque luminance,
Hazy to the eye,
Unclear to the mind,
Being pulled into the endless light,
Until she couldn't see.
She felt nothing but her mind,
And that wasn't hers.
Torn from within,
Beaten from without,
She stood—motionless;
Motionless
Stood the night.

Then, as if being released
Ever so slightly from this force,
(Stronger than cosmos,
Stronger than her)
She turned and began to walk
Through the woods.
The woods,
Where the moon's own light
Barely penetrated
The black canopy
That it formed.
But this night
The moon didn't care.
It had her,
And so she walked.
No birds, no crickets,
No living thing made a sound.
The breeze swirled
Silently
Through the trees;
The leaves would not rustle.
The dry rotting branches
Underfoot
Melted as she stepped
On them.

The darkness lost
Its shadow.
And still she walked,
Not knowing her fate,
But that which was destined
By the moon.

The blaze lighted
The woods from within,
As the wooden slats
Of the house crackled
And sputtered
From the heat of the fire.
Above the treetops,
The haze began to break free.
Clearing the sky
For someone, to touch
The moon.

Nicholas Abanavas

and the fishpond had served to water the stock. Standing between the Snow Shoe road and the fishpond, the Icehouse was the only building remaining. There were foundations of other buildings a few hundred yards up the slope, but they had filled in and grown over. Of the barn only the rugged timbers of its skeleton were true and sturdy; the roof and sides were patched with scraps of wood and tin, which gave the building a grotesque appearance.

Now, inside the building were the tools and rigging of its present use. There were crosscut saws with one handle removed for sawing the ice. There were tongs big enough and strong enough to bite deep and hold securely as the rope fastened to them pulled the blocks from the water into the Icehouse for storage. There were canthooks, borrowed from a nearby logging camp, to turn and place the heavy blocks. There were scoopshovels to scatter sawdust between the layers of ice. Hanging in the gable were pulleys over which lines were to be drawn to lift the ice into place as the layers mounted, and around the walls of the building were tie-pegs to which the lines were secured and from which hung the coils of extra rope.

After the warmth of the rocks, the sawdust felt soft and soothing to the boys' feet, and they dug them into the deep piles to cool them. Then they played Follow the Leader along the high rafters in the part of the building from which the ice had been taken. They swung from one rafter to the next, using only one hand on each. When they missed catching a rafter, they fell, but the thick cushion of sawdust made the fall painless. Sometimes they let go on purpose. From the floor, they climbed the pulley lines hand-over-hand back up to the rafters.

"Let's pull each other up," Melvin said. He untied one of the lines and dropped the iron hook. It settled on a layer of ice above them, and Melvin raised it and swung the pulley until the hook cleared

cont'd.

the layer and dropped to where they could reach it. David took hold of the hook, and the others pulled him up to where the knot that fastened the hook and struck the pulley.

"Let's tie it off and leave him there," Charles said.

"Better not. He's over the ice and he can't drop. He'd hurt himself," Jarvis said.

But Melvin tied off the line, and the three laughed at David's plight.

"Better not drop," Jarvis said. "You're over the ice. You'll hurt yourself. Can you go up?"

David looked above himself, but there was no place to grasp. Then he looked at the point of the hook he was hanging from.

"I can't go up, and my arms are to tired to try. Let me down," he said.

"Let's let him down," Jarvis said, and started to unfasten the line.

Melvin stopped him. "Let him drop," he said, and then he shouted to David, "Go ahead and drop. Are you afraid?"

David looked down at the layer of ice directly beneath him, and knew that there was not enough sawdust covering it to break his fall. Above him there was a little rope between the hook and the pulley. He used it to swing as far as he could over the ledge. Then he let go, and his body missed the ice and he fell into the deep sawdust on the floor.

"I knew you'd get down," Melvin said to David. "Jarvis thought you'd hit the ice, but I knew you'd get down."

Melvin was a large boy. He was fifteen, two years older than the others and stronger than they. Alone, he could lift any of them to the gable on the pulley line. He had a foot that turned in; it was not a club foot, but the turn was severe enough to require lifting the other foot

con'td.

high when he walked to avoid stumbling. It was easier for him to run than to walk, and he always gave the impression of running. Jarvis was the smallest, but he was tough and wiry from hard work. He and his father lived alone in The Patch, a small cluster of houses about a half mile from town. Jarvis did all the housekeeping except the cooking, and he took care of the animals. Every morning he was in Mr. Casher's bake shop before the sun was up, and for two hours he mixed bread dough. Then he went home to his chores. Charles was the least imposing of the group in appearance, but he made himself important by his various plans to encounter Blodwin Howell in her husband's absence, and rape her. Blodwin's husband was Charle's cousin, and this Charles regarded as an advantage. It gave him easy access to Blodwin's house and knowledge of her husband's whereabouts. David was a member of the group over his mother's objection.

"I worry about you when you're with those boys," she said. Jarvis is a good boy, and I don't really mind your playing with him. But I don't feel right about the other two. I keep thinking you'll get into some terrible trouble with them.

David's drop from the pulley had been painless, but he sat where he had landed and enjoyed the relief he felt at missing the ice ledge. Melvin and Charles sat down opposite him, and Jarvis took a scoop-shovel from the wall and piled sawdust between them. Then they dug deep into it with their feet until they were covered to the waist.

"Tonight I'm going to rape Blodwin," Charles said.

"That's what you say every time," Jarvis said.

"Wait and see! Tonight I'm gonna rape her. I'm gonna wait till he goes uptown to the poolroom. I got it all planned."

"You've always got it all planned, but you never do anything. The next day you've got another plan. All right, he's in the poolroom. Then what?" Charles dug a little deeper into the sawdust pile.

"Just wait and see. I'm gonna wait till he's up in the poolroom, and then I'm gonna tell her there's an owl up in the tree in the back yard and I want to show it to her."

"What's the owl gonna do," Jarvis asked, "help you see in the dark?"

"There ain't gonna be any owl. I'm just gonna tell her there's one. And she'll come out in the back yard with me to see it. When she's standing real close to the tree and looking straight up the trunk, I'll grab this rope that I have tied to the tree and run around the tree a couple of times and tie her to it."

"Why do you always want to rape Blodwin?" Jarvis interrupted him.

con'td.

"She's married to your cousin, and she's a real nice lady. I get tired hearing you want to rape her. Why don't you want to rape someone else?"

"What good does having her tied to a tree do?" Melvin wanted to know.

Charles shouted to stop their questions. "Wait till I finish, wait till I finish! When I have her tied good and tight to the tree, I'm gonna cut the tree down."

"Which tree you gonna use?" Melvin asked.

"The pine," Charles said, "because owls like pines."

"You'll be all night cutting it down," Melvin said. "Your cousin'll be home from the poolroom before you're half way through.

Jarvis said, "When she figures out what you're gonna do, she'll start to yell and scream. And I hope she'does, and I hope everyone in town comes to help her."

"She won't yell and scream," Charles said.

"What will happen." David asked,

"if the tree falls on Bloodwin?"

"It ain't gonna fall on her."

"I'll tell you what'll happen," Jarvis said. "He'll run up to the poolroom to get his cousin to help lift the tree off her."

"It ain't gonna fall on her," Charles said, raising his voice.

"Well, even if it don't," Melvin said, "she's gonna be facing the wrong way."

"It ain't gonna fall on her," Charles shouted.

"Well, if it dosn't," Jarvis said, "She'll be fighting and screaming, and I hope she gets loose and just beats the hell out of you."

"She ain't gonna fight much," persisted Charles. "Then I can untie her. You just wait and see."

"I'm tired hearing you want to rape Bloodwin. Come on, let's doo something!" Jarvis brushed the sawdust from his body and started hand-over-hand up one of the ropes.

"You don't believe I'm gonna do it," Charles screamed. "You're always talking against me. I ought to hang you."

"Come on, I'll let you hang me." Jarvis stopped climbing and dropped to the floor. He untied the line from the wall and dropped the hook to the ground and untied it.

"I'll even make the knot for you." He tied a slip knot and dropped the loop of rope over his head, holding the rope tightly with both hands above the knot. "All right," he said "now take me up."

The three others raised him to the gable, and Jarvis cocked his head to one side, opened his mouth wide, stuck out his tongue and made a gargling noise in his throat.

"I ought to tie off the rope and leave you up there!" Charles screamed up to him. When Jarvis told them he was tired holding on, they lowered him to the floor. Jarvis tied the hook back on the line, and David pulled it up and tied the rope to the peg. Then they dressed and went out to the Snow Shoe road.

The miners and the men who worked in the brickyard in Clarence were going home from work, and the boys caught a ride on the back of a wagon.

"If we're not going to be able to swim there for a week, we ought to go back after supper," David said.

"There'd be daylight," Jarvis said. "Pap'll have my supper ready when I get home. I could eat and take care of things in the barn and be ready fast."

"I'll eat at Bodwin's," Charles said. "She always has my cousin's supper ready as soon as he gets home from work. He likes to get up ti the poolroom early."

"I could go back right now," Melvin said. His folks were railroaders and he would have supper after the Belleforte train got in at nine o'clock.

David's house was the first as they entered town, and as they approached it, he gathered up the four pairs of wet pants and jumped from the wagon.

"I'll hang these on the line. They'll dry fast."

When he entered the house, the kitchen table was set and his mother was taking food from the stove.

"We thought we'd go back down to the fishpond and swim some more after supper," he said.

"You won't have time before dark. I need some things from the store, and by the time you get back, it'll be too late. Besides, once a day is enough to swim."

"Do you have to have the things from the store tonight? Couldn't I get them in the morning?"

"No, you can't get them in the morning. Some of them are for the bread I'm making, and the dough has to set over night."

"Well, if I hurry and get them, may I go swimming?"

David knew that if he got the things from the store before his friends came for him, his mother would object, but in the end would let him go. He ate quickly and asked her for the list.

"I didn't write them down, but there are only four and you should be able to remember that many. I want a loaf of store bread, a five-pound bag of sugar, ten pounds of flour, the kind in the cloth bag, and some yeast. I hate to buy bread, but we'll need some before mine is ready tomorrow. Tell Mr. Thompson to charge it."

David made himself move slowly, for he knew that if he hurried in his mother's sight, she would say finally that he could not go swimming. Outside the house, he ran. There were two customers ahead of him in Mr. Thompson's store, and both bought big orders. They lived in Scotchtown and didn't come to the store often and they wanted to talk. Mr. Thompson moved in his steady pace, getting the things they asked for and answering their questions as he worked. Finally they carried their neatly wrapped and tied bundles out to their wagons, and it was David's turn.

"I'd like a ten-pound bag of flour in the cloth bag, five pounds of sugar, and some yeast." David knew there was one thing more, and he tried to remember it while Mr. Thompson got the three items and put them on the counter in front of him. Two more customers had come into the store and were standing behind David.

"There was something else," David said.

"You'd forget your head if it wasn't fastened on, David. Well, your mother can send you back in the morning."

Mr. Thompson wrapped the things on the counter in brown paper, tied the bundle with string from the spool on the iron spindle over the paper rack, wrote out the charge slip, and tucked it under the string, and handed the package to David.

"Better do something about that forgetter of yours, David," he said. "Who's next?"

Outside the store, David remembered the bread. He ran back and looked in through the glass door. Mr. Thompson was piling things before the woman at the counter, and David knew that if he went back he would have to wait his turn. He knew, too, that if, when he got home, his friends had taken their suits from the line and gone on, his mother would not discover the missing bread until after he had gone, or that, if she did discover it, she would simply scold him for forgetting. When he neared the house, he could see the suits still on the clothesline.

"I forgot the bread," he said. "When I went back Mr. Thompson was busy, so I came home without it."

"David, I have to have the bread. Mine won't be ready until tomorrow afternoon, and there's breakfast and lunch to think of. Now hurry back and get it before Mr. Thompson closes the store. And tell him you're sorry to trouble him again."

"You're only making me go back because you don't want me to go swimming," he said.

"Swimming has nothing to do with it. I need the bread. Now hurry, before the store closes."

"You don't like Melvin and Charles, and that's why you're not letting me go."

"David, don't talk to me like that. Melvin and Charles have nothing to do with breakfast and lunch tomorrow. Now hurry."

"Why don't you like them? Is it because they're poor?"

"You're being impudent," his mother said, and David heard the sterner tone in her voice. "They all come from hard-working families. Rich or poor has nothing to do with it. Now not another word. Get the bread and tell Mr. Thompson you're sorry to trouble him again."

David saw that further argument would be futile, and he began to reconcile himself to not being able to go with his friends. But the unreconciled part of him rebelled. His mother had no reason to dislike Melvin and Charles. They were always courteous and they had many times helped David to do things his mother had wanted done around the house. They spoke badly, it was true but so was that of many of his mother's friends, and she had often told him that that was not a fair way to judge people. They didn't do as much work around their homes as Jarvis and he did, but their parents were different from Jarvis' father and his mother. They didn't require the same things of them. Melvin couldn't help his crooked foot.

David remembered his mother scolding him severely for laughing at a man who stuttered. She would have disapproved of the way Charles talked about Blodwin Howell, but she didn't know about that. What was it, then, that she didn't like about them? David was sullen as he walked slowly back to the store.

"I forgot bread," he said to Mr. Thompson.

"Something you had for supper turn sour on you", Mr. Thompson asked. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend and I was to blame. I thought about bread when you were here before, but I know your mother bakes, so I didn't say anything."

Mr. Thompson took the bread from the bin under the counter, wrapped it and handed it to David.

"Improve that forgetter, David, and you'll improve your disposition. Tell your mother I'll add the bread to the other slip. Who's next?"

As David neared the house this time, he saw that only his suit remained on the clothesline, and down at the bottom of the hill where the road to Deer Park turned off he saw Melvin and Charles and Jarvis rounding the curve on their way to the fishpond.

He put the bread on the kitchen table without speaking and started to leave the room.

"Thank you for getting the bread," his mother said, "but please don't ask to go swimming. The others have gone, and it would be after dark when you got home. There'll be other days for swimming."

"I wasn't going to ask," he said.

David sat alone on the front porch swing and watched the traffic on the road in front of the house. He could hear his mother moving about the kitchen preparing the bread dough in the big granite pan. He usually helped her knead it and wrap it in the wodden shawl and place it on the chair by the cookstove so that it would rise during the night. This time he would not help her. He thought he heard her call to him, but he did not answer. She would have to get used to doing his chores herself. The arclight on the electric light pole in front of the house blinked and came on, and up the street toward town, house lights came on in an irregular pattern. The buggies and wagons that passed carried lighted lanterns or carriage lights, and the lights from the automobiles that went by, swept the whole street and the houses on both sides like a giant searchlight. Deprived of his friends, he was lonely here; it could not be more lonely elsewhere, and at least he could be with the friends he chose and liked. He counted the automobiles that passed in a few minutes' time and thought that there would be some going over the mountain to Bellefonte all evening and probably a few all night.

He had thought that Melvin and Charles and Jarvis would go past the house on their way home, and he was going to tell them why he had not gone swimming and what he was going to do, but they did not go past. He thought they must have taken the shortcut through the woods to the railroad tracks and walked the ties to the center of town.

David steadied the screen door as it closed to silence it, and went quietly across the living room and tiptoed up the stairs.

"Are you going to bed?" his mother called, but he did not answer her. An answer would mean an argument and a repetition of the things about his friends that he did not like to hear. The suitcase that he used once a year when he and his mother went to visit their relatives, was on the top shelf in his closet. He moved the chair by his desk inside the closet and took the suitcase down and opened it on the bed. He would not need much, and only good things, for he would be looking for a job. When he had a job and was his own boss, he could come back for the other things. If he took his toothbrush and comb from the bathroom, his mother would notice; and he wanted her to discover him gone rather than in the act of going. From his drawer of clean clothes, he filled the suitcase, snapped it shut and put it out of sight under the bed. He would wait until his mother was asleep before going. There would be a few automobiles going over the mountain, and one of them would give him a ride. He took the chair from the closet and returned it to his desk, turned out the light, and sat down to wait.

The sound of movement in the kitchen had ceased, and David imagined the pan of dough, wrapped and on the chair by the stove. He imagined his mother sitting at the dining room table reading. He wondered whether she was reading the Bible, or the Sunday school lesson for next Sunday, or one of the monthly magazines with stories and suggestions for making homes more beautiful. When the knock came on the front screen door, he thought it would be Mrs. Phillips come to talk in Welsh with his mother before she went to bed. He was startled to recognize Constable Joe Wade's voice. He opened his door to listen.

"I'm sorry to bother you Mrs. Owens, but is David at home?"

"Yes, he's in his room. I think he's asleep. Is something wrong?"

"Yes," Joe Wade said, "something terrible's happened. Has he been home all evening?"

"Yes."

"He didn't go down to the fishpond with the other boys after supper?"

"No, he forgot something at the store and had to go back for it."

'I'm sure glad, for your sake Mrs. Owens," Joe Wade said. "There's going to be trouble, terrible trouble. Charles Harnish's father came to get me and made me go down to the Icehouse with him. It was dark. We found Jarvis Hall hanging up in the gable of the roof from a rope. He'd been hanged. He was dead. The other end of the rope was tied to a peg on the wall. Jarvis' mouth was open and so were his eyes. It was terrible. There's going to be trouble, terrible."

David pressed his head against the door frame to listen as Joe Wade left. "He'd been hanged! He was dead!" he heard again, but they were just words that Joe Wade had said. Jarvis was pretending, as he had this afternoon. He was kicking his legs and rolling his eyes and sticking out his tongue, and in a moment he would say that he was tired, and they would let him down to the sawdust floor. Jarvis would dress and walk out of the door of the chilly building into the warm afternoon sunshine.

"It was dark," Joe Wade had said. David had never thought of the Icehouse in the darkness. It was never bright; it was like a room in daytime with the window blinds pulled down and with cracks in the walls to let in the crisscross of bright rays. But he had never thought of it in the darkness, "It was dark." From the black gable of the Icehouse, he heard Jarvis' voice, I'm tired, let me down. Where are you? Where are you? Let me down!" and from the black empty coldness where the ice had been removed, he heard whispers, "I ought to hang you. I ought to tie off the rope and leave you up there."

Now he imagined he saw Charles' father and Joe Wade leave Joe's buggy on the road and go towards the darker darkness of the Icehouse. The crazy tin patchwork of the walls moved and danced and faded away up into the gable, until only the timber skeleton and the ropes remained. The lines of tin merged haphazardly into the motionless, frozen figure in the gable. Inside the wooden skeleton, the beam of a flashlight moved slowly along the ridge pole until it picked out the strained, awkward figure hanging from the rope. From the darkness where the beam began, voices, hollow and excited, said, "He's been hanged! He's been hanged! He's dead! He's dead! He's dead!"

David pressed his door closed and lay face down on his bed. He heard the voices of the afternoon, I'll stand on the raft and keep it low in the water." "Go ahead and drop. Are you afraid?" "I ought to tie this off and leave you up there." He heard Joe Wade's voice, "He'd been hanged! He was dead!" Then he heard his own voice, sobbing deep sobs that convulsed his stomach and that would not be stifled. Dimly he saw the light from the hall as his mother entered his room. He heard her move the chair from his desk to the side of his bed, and he felt her hand touch the back of his head and rest there. She did not speak.

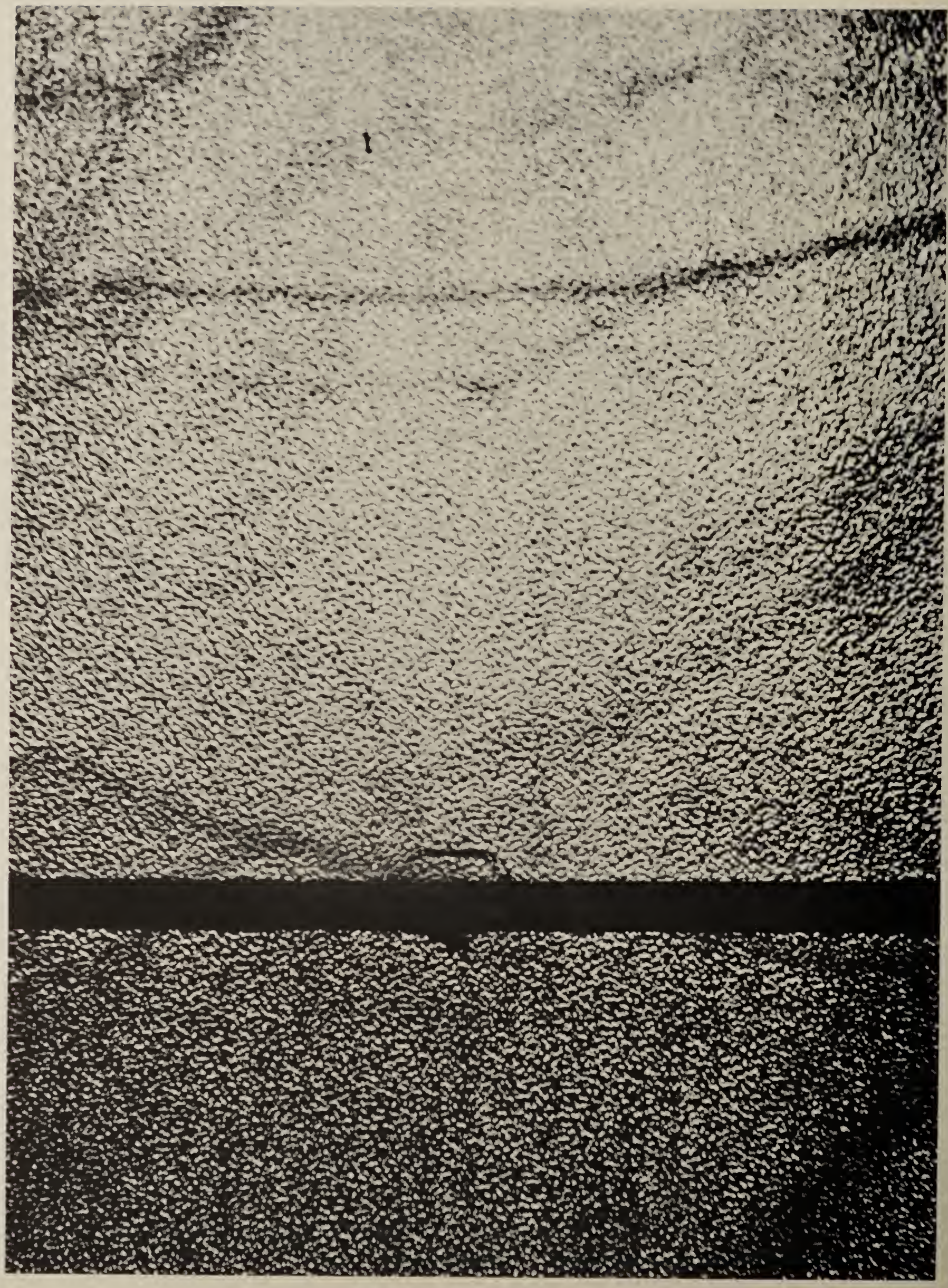
To K.C.

I've stood beneath steeples to keep from the rain
and come to the warmth of churches in the dead of winter.
I've looked at It through stained-glass windows
and never saw what you saw.

But more often than not, I've walked in the wet
and froze in the snow
and floating fluff-balls just never looked the same
through those beautiful panes.

I never saw what you saw
and I'm seriously sorry.
But I still love rain
and snowflakes are most beautiful things.

G Thomas Widler



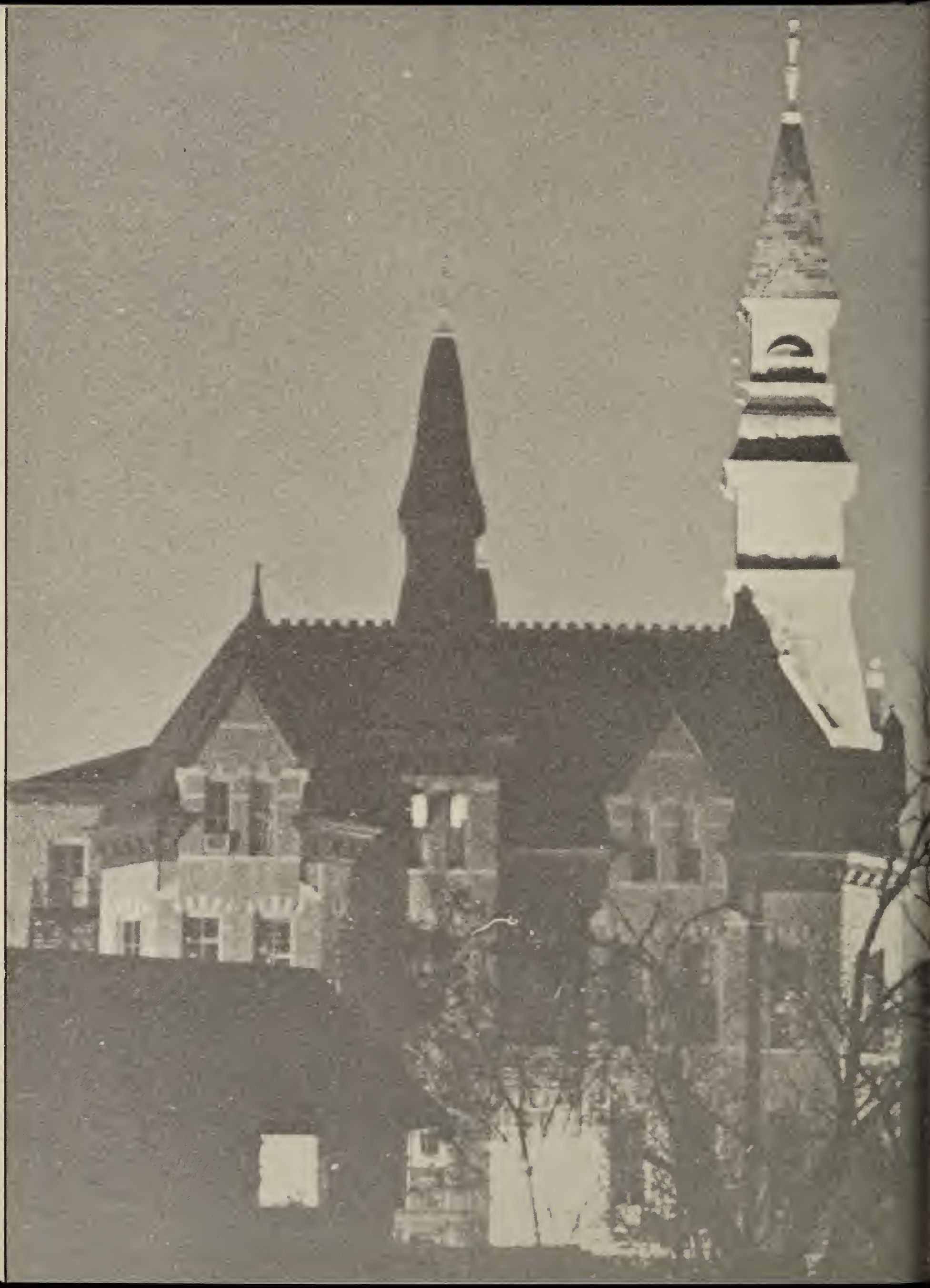
I sit alone and believe
and wait,
listening to the echoes
of dust . . .
waiting for someone to whisper,
to tell me softly,
they care.
Wishing love were as simple
as loneliness
and really believing it
could be.

G. Thomas Widler

To Autumn and Love

I kissed her mouth
in the Autumn wind.
Her lips were warm,
and the air of cold
moved her auburn hair
about her face and mine.
And we stood beneath
the sky and lived above
the colored trees of life.
And wished for the moment
we could be children again.

by Woody



Night Watch

The night had come,
With the blue above
Fading into black;
Still I walked,
The soft summer soil
Padded my footsteps
As the tall fresh grass
Licked at my legs—
Peaceful pleasure surrounded me.

I raised my head
To search for the horizon.
A second later
There it stood
Rising higher and higher
Into the night,
The stone mason's creation—
The lone watchtower.
The hard immoveable shape
Still warm from the noonday sun
Stared off into the distance,
To leave me as alone
As itself.
But why was it built here?
There are no borders to protect
(The people have long since disappeared).
I decided to wait for an answer;
I had time.

As each hour passed,
I could feel it's strain—
A cricket called its mate,
My heartbeat kept me awake,
I couldn't help but fear
That my question
Would never be answered.
Just then,
A flicker of light
Broke the nightime trance,

Then more and more.
The sun began to rise
On the horizon,
The watch shifted,
The tower had done its duty.
As I closed my eyes
My body resolved to sleep.

Nicholas Abanavas

Lonely Roads
    Lead me down

Joy-poppers and dusty dreams
in alcohol and amphetamines;
in French Quarter crash pads
the once-made and un-made
dwell on forgotten dignities
of yesterdays' this or then,
should haves
or "I remember when . . ."
The lonely roads; they lead me down.

I remember the virgins
that believed in that
and in me
and those who needed in that,
but not in me
and those who lay, like true virgins,
in the silver sand,
and, then, those who loved to lay.

They, the birds who
fly so hard
and float in beauty and in grace
to end their feathered span
in the grillwork and windshields
of the true highway man.

The "Bible-belt" and Baton Rouge
and that distance in between
of dark valleys and lonely times,
of route markers and destination signs
and forgetful whims that pick me up
and lonely roads to lead me down.

GThomas Widler

O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with their children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, im-

ploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him who is the source of Love, and who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.

From The War Prayer, by Mark Twain, first published in Harper's Monthly 1916. Reprinted for distribution by the Colvin Press, Point Pleasant, N.J.

SOCCER
70-71

The Park College "Pirates" came out of another season this year with an overall 5-4 and an 0-4 record in the league. They played well in all of their games under the excellent leadership of Ali Baliks, the new head coach who molded the "Pirates" into a single, working unit. Their losses were attributed to their inability to remain consistant and to a lack of 'depth'.

The main scoring punch was provided by Barry Sauter, George Caruso and Jim Hodge, the captain. John Kemp, George Betz, Kevin Roach, and Kim Ellis are given credit for the remarkable work of the defense. The remaining starters are Eddie Wong, Toni Wali, Allen Lee, and Hason Youseffi. Other players whose performance was unmatched, are Burt Wallack, Nick Abanavas, Bruce Johnson, Phil Scott, Frank Tang and Richard Hill.

SENIORS:

Nick Abanavas—Nick has been on the team one year and with a little more experience would have been a starter.

George Bety—A Center Halfback with the "Pirates" two years; a deciding factor in many games.

George Caruso—With the team one year, a good right inside known for his consistency.

James Hodge—Playing for four years an excellent Left Wing and Captain.

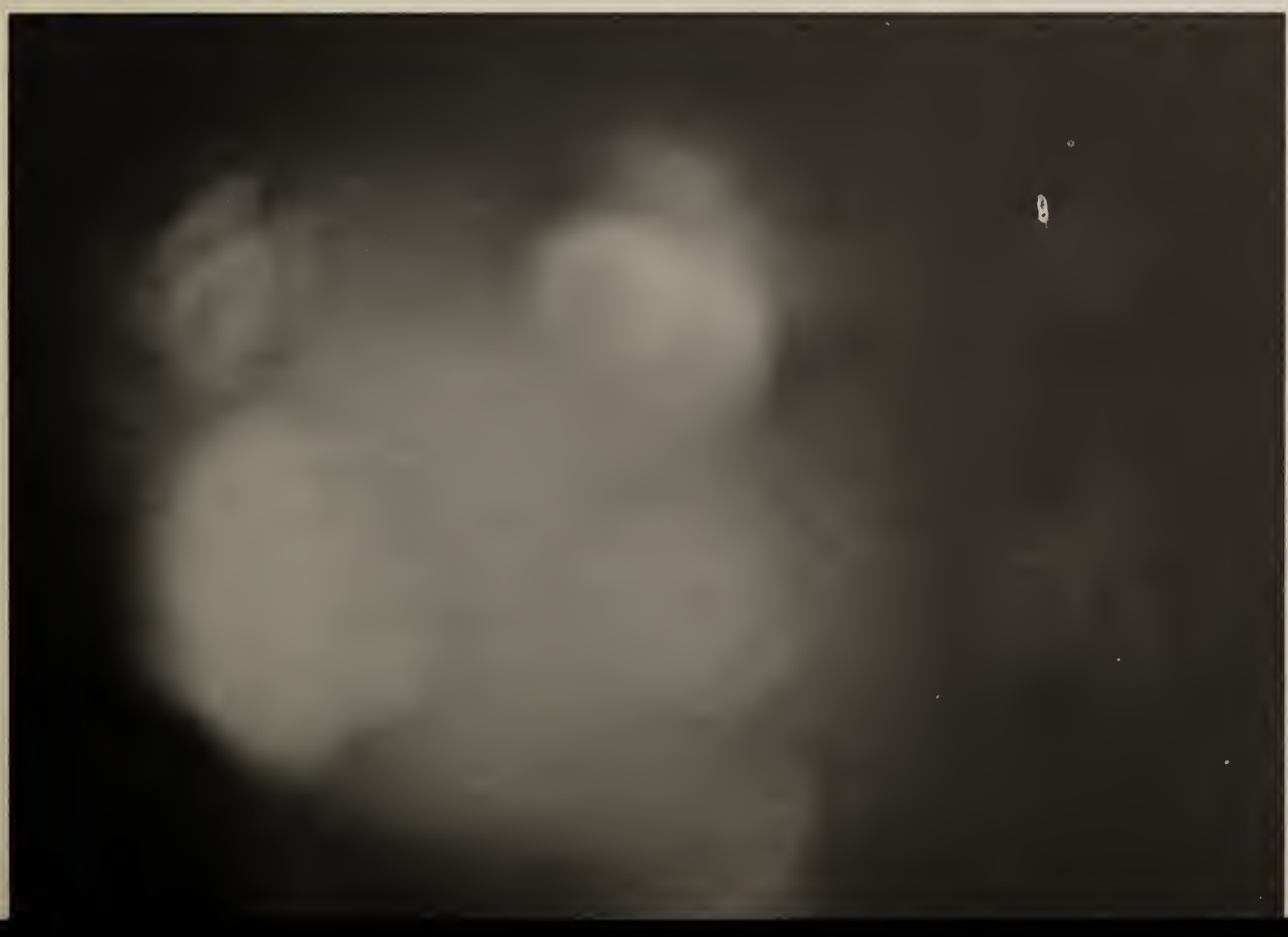
John Kemp—A four year Center Fullback; All Conference.

Barry Saunter—Left Inside, playing for three years.

STANDINGS:

	PARK
STATE FAIR	3
WEST MINSTER	2
CENTRAL METHODIST	6
ST. BENEDICT	1
ORAL ROBERTS	5
OTTAWA	0
ROCKHURST	1
EVANGELL	4
WILLIAM JEWELL	1

FALSTAFF
FALSTAFF
FALSTAFF
FALSTAFF



basketball

The Park College basketball team finished it's most successful season since 1960, with a record of seven wins and eleven losses. They were led by junior Captain, Steve Hedrick, the 1970-71 District 16's scoring leader with an average of 23 points per game. Hedrick was followed by junior, Robert Jones who averaged 17 points per game. To complement Hedrick and Jones were Gil Nanez, junior guard, DCP, Junius Alexander, two freshmen, Carl Whitney and Levi Snow, seniors, Ed Lippincott and John Kemp.

Coach Ed Nelson, emphasized teamwork, despite the fact that Park has great individual performers. Whitney and Snow, the freshmen, were the best to have come out for the team in years. Snow averaged 10.4 points per game and was 15th in rebounding in District 16 with a nine point per

game average. Whitney finished strong by starting the last few games, shooting and rebounding strongly. Hustling Gil Nanez averaged 8 points per game and was considered the play maker on the team. Junius Alexander bringing his experience was definitely an asset to the Cagers. Ed Lippincott doubling as a guard and forward backup, displayed a good shooting ability. The iron man on the team, John Kemp, was often called upon to grab rebounds and to shoot with his deadly corner shot.

In all, this team was the best that Park has seen in a long time. Next year promises to be even better with the possible acquisition of two or three big men. Hedrick, Jones, Snow, Nanez and Whitney will return from this years squad.

FAR1
34

Prince Muffin of Blatz

Dick Davis

The Prince of Blatz was one Waldo Muffin. He was the son of Queen Muffin who called him Waldo and other derogatory names. Prince Muffin had a problem. He was an extremely wormy character. He was skinny, had pimples, yellow teeth, hair like a dried up birds nest and bad breath. Being an unsightly creature he was not much sought after as a beau. In fact many of the ladies in the kingdom regurgitated at the sight of him. As you may guess Prince Muffin had a terrible complex. To top it off, he was head over hindquarters in love with one fair princess from an adjoining kingdom. Alas, all was hopeless for this royal creep.

He had reached the age of 21 now and, as yet, had made no conquests. Finally Queen Mother Muffin decided that her squirrely son needed an overhaul. She called for Lord Gay, Earl of Fruit, who was the royal body builder of Blatz. "I say, Lord Gay, can you help my poor son get ahead?"

"Yes my Lady. Lord knows he needs one. Give me two years and I will change this Royal worm into as the Latin term personifies, a 'jockus erecuts'."

Well, they went to work. Waldo ate Wheaties, lifted weights, ran laps and numerous other exercises. He had his hair styled, his pimples sanded off, his nose bobbed and his teeth capped. He was decked out

in Mod clothes which included an orthopedic shirt to keep his back straight. After two long years of sweat and strain the worm had turned. He was now a stud to behold. He changed his name to Tab and set out to find the beautiful princess. He had dreamed of her for the past two years as he was becoming a handsome fellow and now she would be his. When he reached that part of the country wherein she lived he was told that she was meditating in a nearby wood. He could not find her. After many days of searching, he became very discouraged. He began to think all was for naught. Even though he was a handsome prince he did not have the woman he wanted. One day, sometime later, he was sitting on a rock feeling poorly when a large warty toad hopped up to him. "Hey Tab", called the toad.

"What, did yonder Toad speak to me?"

"Right sweetie. I'm the beautiful princess that you are looking for. I've been put under a spell by a local witch. If you kiss me I will turn back into a princess and be yours forever." As all this was taking place a beautiful girl appeared at the edge of the clearing where the prince and the toad were chatting. The prince did not see her but she saw him. "Oh my, oh, my, what a beautiful man. I think I love him."

Just then Prince Muffin picked up the warty toad and kissed it full on the mouth. The toad started to laugh hysterically. "The joke is on you fellow. I ain't no princess. I just like to kiss people for the hell of it." The prince then saw the beautiful lass for the first time. It was her, his love, the princess. He dropped the toad and ran for her. "Oh my darling. I have been longing for this moment for many years." He kissed her a long delicious kiss and then backed off to survey her beauty. She promptly changed into a large warty toad and laughing hysterically, she hopped off with the other toad and they lived happily ever after. And Prince Muffin got warts on his mouth.

AFTER the RAIN

by John Bowen

directed by

Jenkin David

After the Rain:

a play by John Bowen

produced, directed by Jenkin David

performed for Park College by the Students

of the Drama Work Shop

The stage in Alumni Hall was bare, like it always was every time we used the auditorium. When the curtain rose on the first act there was few sticks of furniture, the dusty stage floor and the faded curtain backdrop. There was no scenery, nothing painted and nothing glowing. The play started and when it was over we walked out dazed and amazed at the masterful and dynamic performance by a cast of twelve.

The play was made of pure drama and the individual artistry of the twelve players. There were no shining stars here in this play. Each person had to hold down his part while he worked to tie together the whole run of the story.

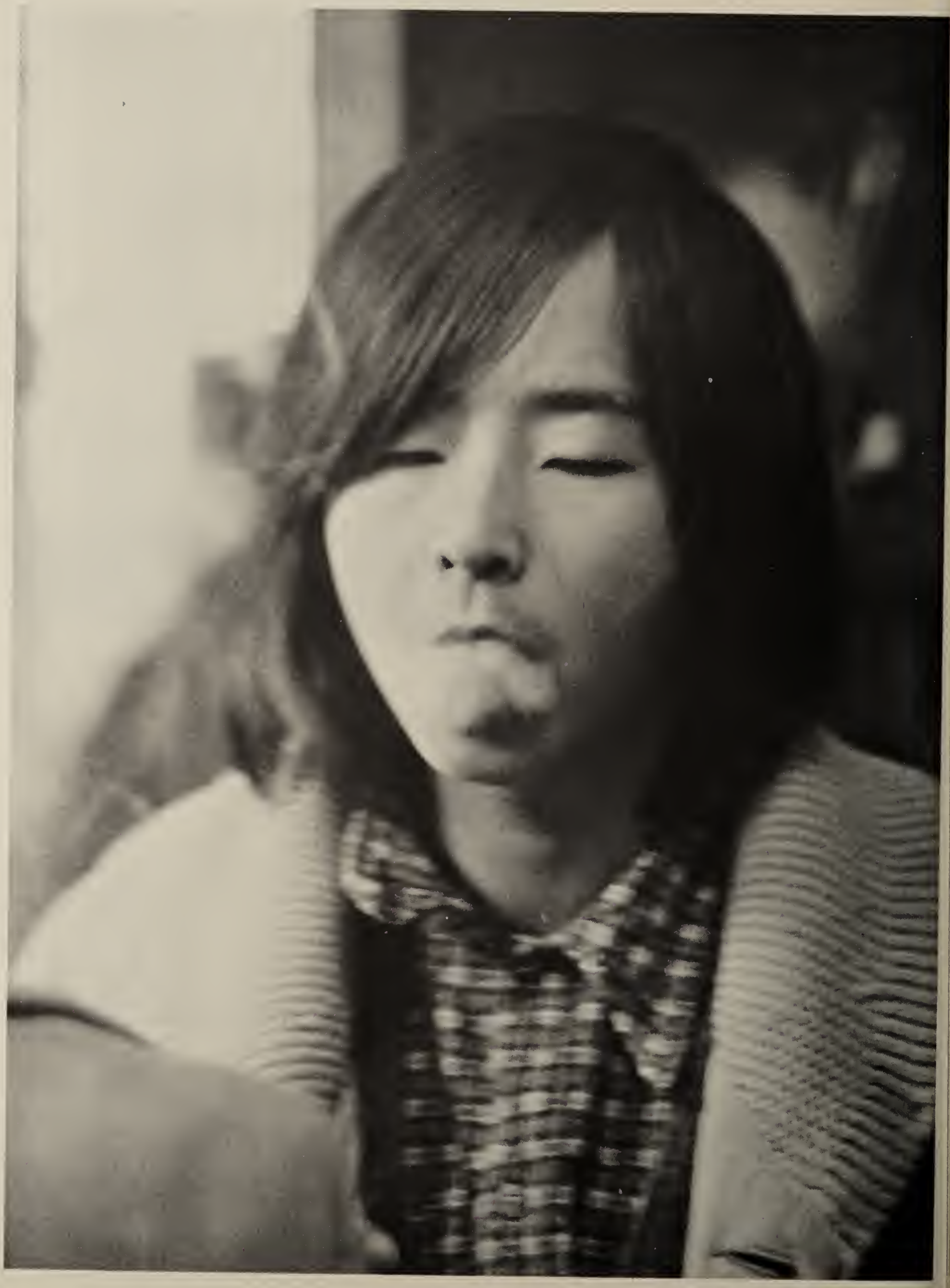
The whole story took place upon a boat-island, micro society. It was a satire on different egos and the eventual emergence of a Christ figure.

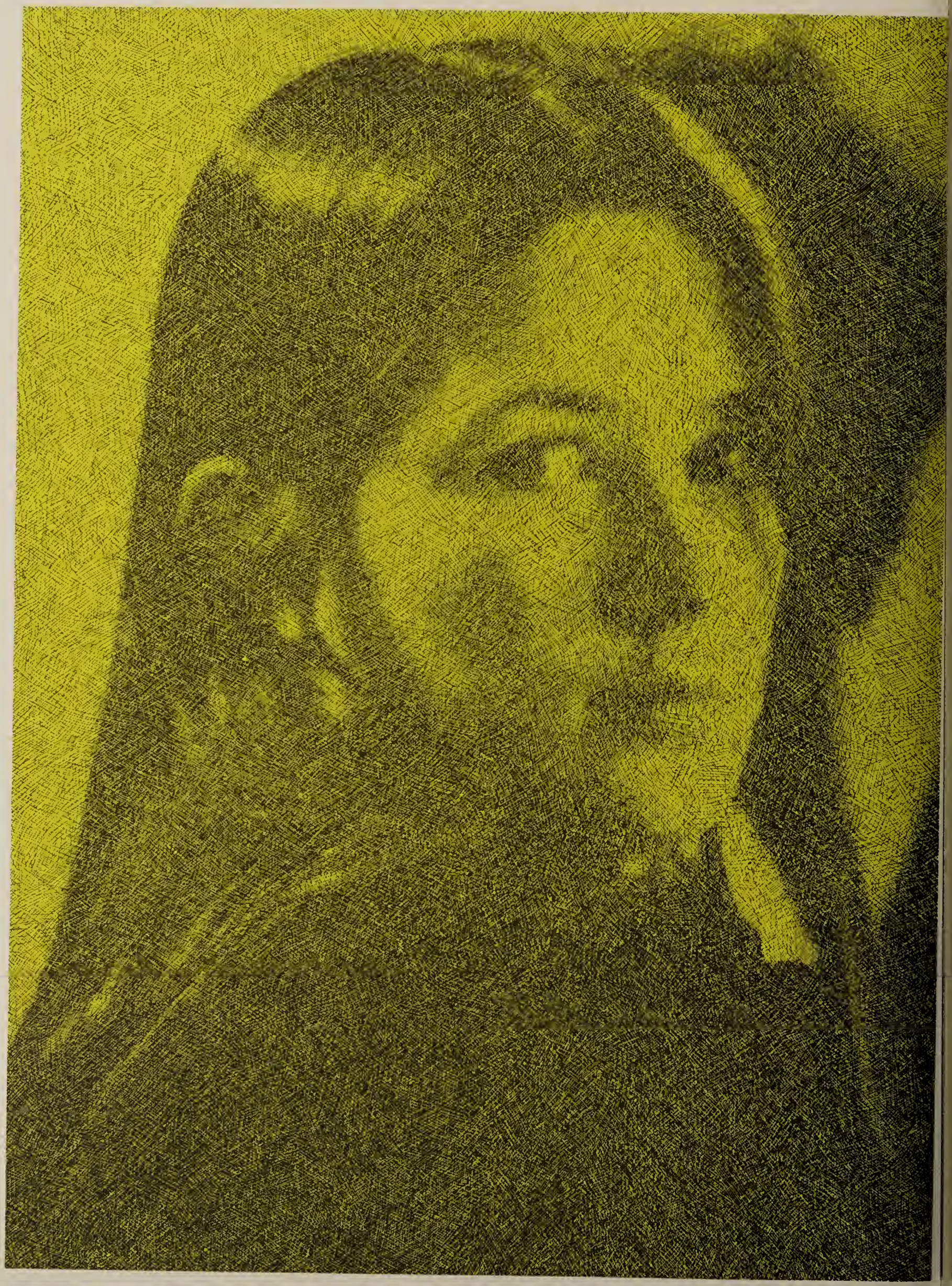
The play was suggested to Mr. Jenkin David by Cathy Szulc. Cathy, who was one of the players attributes the play's success to the fact that everyone worked together. She also said that it was a challenge to perform since it was not a sterotype.

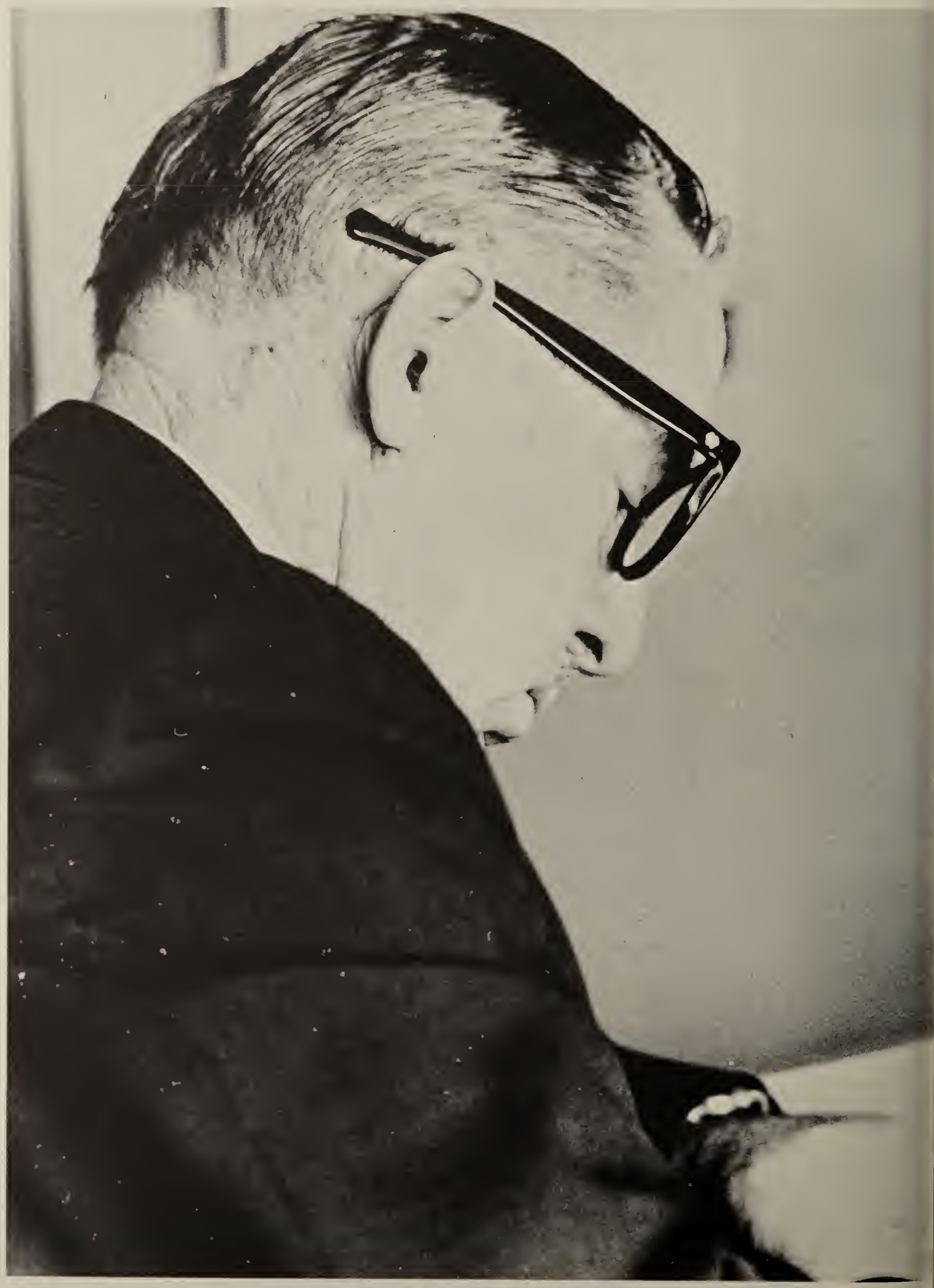
The most memorable scene was the simulated storm scene. The cast worked together to develope the tossing motion of a storm rocked boat. From here on the action never stopped until the curtain came down on the last act. Was it really over? I think its still running.

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

PARK COLLEGE







DR. FRIZZLE RETIRES

Board of Trustees Denies Frizzle Retirement Extension

By Kathie Crane
Stylus Associate Editor

The Board of Trustees voted last Monday not to grant an extension of service to Dr. Arnold Frizzle, Chairman of the Humanities Division and the Foreign Language Department. The Board had made a similar decision last September, but it reconsidered the matter after letters calling for the retention of Frizzle were submitted by the Faculty Association, the Foreign Language Department, and the Student Academic Committee which acted upon the consent of the Student Association.

College policy has dictated that a professor must retire at the age of 65; however, he can submit an application to the Board of Trustees asking for an extension of service. The extension must be for a definite period of time, not exceeding one year, and the professor asking for extension can elect to teach on a full-time or part-time basis.

Dr. Arnold L. Frizzle
Humanities Division Chairman

Three-fourths of the Board must vote favorably for an extension to be granted. Frizzle followed this procedure as outlined in the faculty handbook and submitted his application for extension to the Board last August.

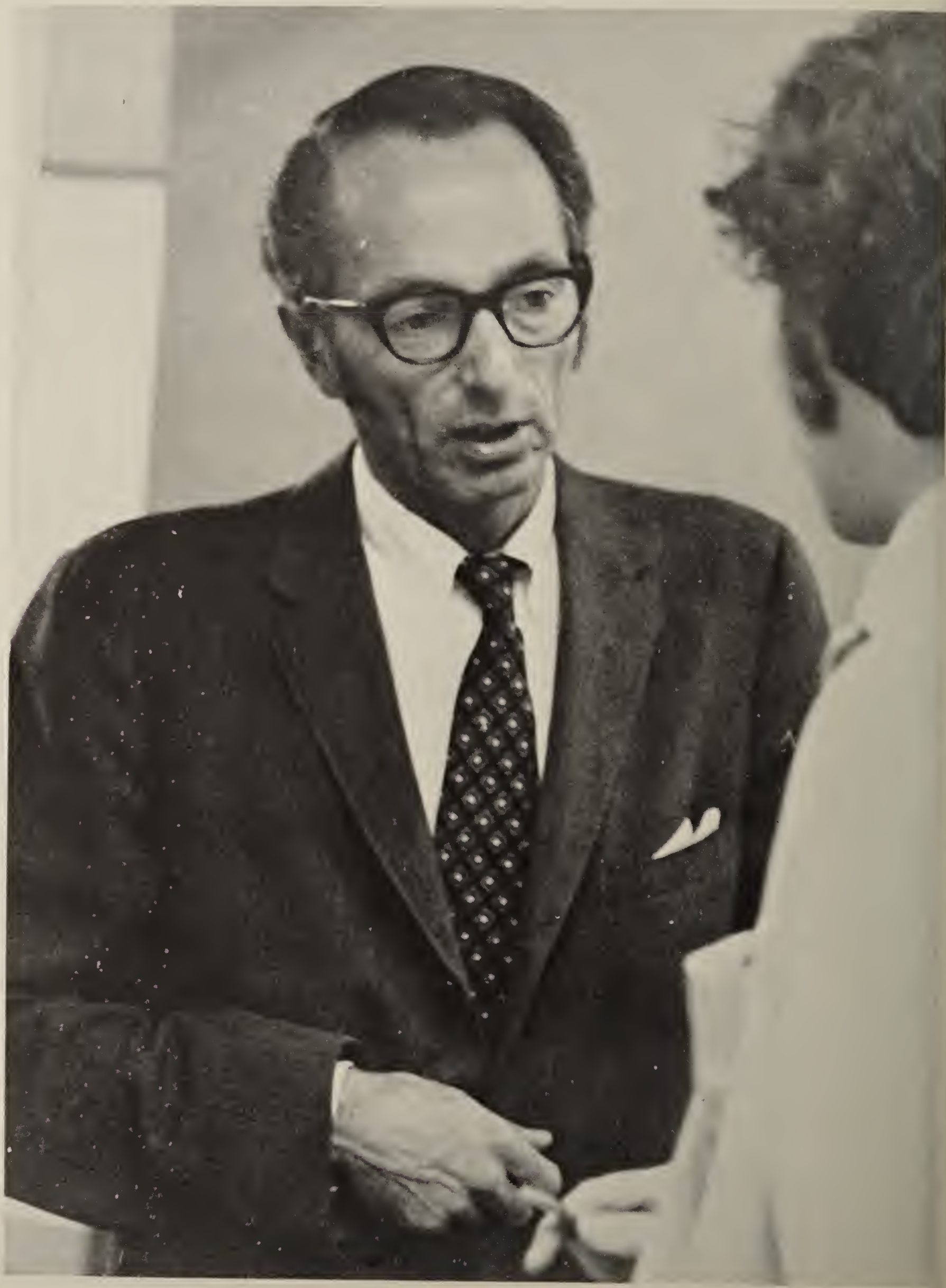
The Board replied in September that the policy in the last ten years has been not to grant extensions, and acting upon this precedent, the Board refused Frizzle's application.

Both Frizzle and Dr. Francis Sibley, president of the Faculty Association, indicated in interviews last Tuesday that the precedent had not been firmly established. Only one case regarding extension has been presented to the Board in the last ten years. For this reason the faculty asked the Board to reconsider its September decision.

The faculty, spontaneously, decided to draft a letter to the Board. The letter *was not* written upon the request of Frizzle; however, he was consulted before the letter was submitted.

The faculty pointed out that Frizzle is a great asset to the college, that his

(Continued on page three)



Cockroach Waltz

Breathing in the dirt,
Playing among the garbage cans,
Living in the squalor,
Pissing in my pants.
Climbing stairs with nimble feet,
Spitting on wines in the street,
Laughing all the crap day long,
I can still hear the music,
Of my favorite song.

Broken windows,
And freezing cold,
Sleeping with rats,
To keep myself warm.
Cops and pushers
On the take,
But one thing's sure,
There's no mistake,
Someone's playing my favorite song.

And the people,
And the street,
Cry despair,
For there is no true,
There is no false,
This is the Song,
Called the Cockroach Waltz.

Nicholas Abanavas

Registration Day

Wandering to the music of MacKay,
dripping from that tower,
I watch the people, stoned on their ass,
    fumble for Bic fine-points,
    prostrated before
the Office of the Co-Curriculum
with offerings of out-dated I.D. cards.
Blessed are they, the students,
    coffee-drinkers and brief-case carriers,
ripping off with hot donuts
and other various contraband.
Blessed, too, are the graduates,
    released into humanity
    as pin-ball wizards
and knowing how to kiss the ass
of the head fruitcake.

G. Thomas Widler

restaurant

NARVA

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